

The Tale Of Amaya Momochi

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Summary: I'm actually redoing a story I started before. this is a story about my Naruto oc, Amaya Momochi, from her point of view. it also will include my sister's oc, Kin Akiyama. may later possibly also include more of our ocs

1. Chapter 1: Introduction

-Part 1: Introduction-

When I was a kid, I had a normal life, everything made sense. Or, so I thought. But, what do you do when you find out your life was a lie? That's exactly what happened to me. I am Amaya Momochi, and this is my story.

2. Chapter 2: Childhood

-Part 2: Childhood-

When I was a kid, I thought I knew my life. But, it turns out, it was all a lie. I was born in Kirigakure, The Village Hidden In The Mist. I lived with Kasumi, the woman I thought was my mother. We were poor, but life was good. I was happy. That changed one night when I was six years old. I still remember it clearly. But, when I think back on it now, it means something completely different to me now than it did back then. If I'd only known the truth then, maybe things could have been differentâ€¦ But, there's no going back now.

I was with Kasumi, the woman I thought was my mother. We were in our small house. Kasumi must have heard something outside, because she looked to the window, then to me.

"Amaya, you need to get out of sight." she told me.

"What? Why, mom?" I asked. She was clearly worried, but, at the time, I had no idea why. I was just a kid. I had no idea how the world worked. And, I definitely couldn't have had any idea of the reality

of the situation.

"Amaya," she said, kneeling down and putting her hands on my shoulders, "Listen, honey, you need to listen to me, okay? Just, please, do what I tell you. I need you to get in the closet and hide until I tell you it's okay to come out." I nodded.

"Okay." I said. I did what she told me to do. I hid in the closet. I watched through the small slats in the closet door. A man came into the house.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"She's not here." Kasumi said.

"You expect me to believe that? I want to see her. I have a right to." the man said.

"You have no right. Now, leave. You're not seeing her. You'll ruin her life." Kasumi told him.

"You've got no right! You're not even related to her. I'm her family." the man said.

"You're not seeing her. Period." Kasumi said, "Now, leave."

"You bitch. You'll pay for that." the man said. He grabbed the sword that he had been wearing on his back, and killed her with it. He looked around the room like he was looking for something, but he obviously didn't find what he was looking for, so he left. After he was gone, I ran out to where Kasumi's body was laying. I sat there and cried until morning when someone found me there. I ended up joining the ninja academy in my village. I swore that I would never be helpless again, I would become a force to be reckoned with, and, I would get revenge against the man who killed Kasumi. I soon found out that that man was Zabuza Momochi. I hated him for what he had done, and for years I swore I'd kill him for what he'd done. When I graduated the academy, I found out something that changed my world. I found out that Kasumi was not my mother. My real mother was none other than Mei Terumi, the woman who had recently become Mizukage. Kasumi was my mother's best friend. Apparently, my mother had me when she was young, so she asked Kasumi to raise me. Kasumi agreed and raised me as her own. Apparently, she was going to tell me about my mother when I was old enough, but she never got that chance. The village officials who told me all of this swore up and down they didn't know anything about who my father was. That, was, of course, a lie. They knew damn well who he was. Although, I had no idea at the time that they were lying to me. I trusted them. So, it was then, at thirteen years old, that I finally met my real mother. I remember walking up the stairs outside the Mizukage's palace for the first time. The woman standing at the top of the stairs was the picture of beauty and grace. Her beautiful green eyes and her confident smile seemed to draw me in. It was strange to think that this was my mother. Yet, there was an unexplainable familiarity about her that I couldn't explain.

"Amaya." she said as I finally stood in front of her. It was more of a statement than a question, as if she knew exactly who I was. I nodded, unable to find the words.

"Amaya, you've grown to be such a beautiful girl, and, I bet you're becoming a strong kunoichi." she said, smiling down at me, placing her hands on my shoulders.

"Momâ€¦" I finally choked out the word. Hearing this, she flung her arms around me tightly.

"Oh, Amaya. I'm so sorry." she said. I should have been angry at her for leaving me to be raised by someone else, I should have hated her. But, I didn't. I just couldn't. I was so happy to finally know my real mother, and seeing her so regretful for giving me up, hearing her apologize, I just couldn't be angry.

"It's okay, mom." I said. She hugged me a little longer, then she let go of me and stood up.

"Thank you, Amaya. I never wanted to give you up, you know." she told me.

"Then, why, why did you?" I asked.

"I was just so young, Amaya. I was wild. I couldn't have provided you with the life you deserved. Kasumi was a few years older. She could provide you with food and a roof over your head. I wanted to see you again some day, tell you the truth, once I finally got my life together." she answered.

"Well, here I am." I said, finally smiling. She looked surprised for a minute, though, I had no idea why.

"That smile, you look just likeâ€¦" she said quietly, smiling herself. She didn't finish the sentence, and at the time, I had no idea what she was talking about. But, I didn't question it. I stayed with my mother for four years. She was good to me. But, I never was completely happy. There was always still that part of me that wanted revenge on Zabuza Momochi, and I knew I could never be completely happy until I had my revenge. So, I wrote my mother a note, thanking her and explaining everything, that none of this was her fault, and that I loved her, but that I had to leave to get revenge. In my letter, I told her that I would return to her someday, but right now, there were things I needed to do, so I had to go. So, when I was seventeen years old, I set out to get revenge on the man who killed the woman who raised me.

End
file.